



The First Note



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Chapter 1 by Rachel Lynn MacCarrick

"Go away," Chantelle mutters fiercely under her breath talking to one only she could see. Roaming the halls pretending she's not the poor teen emo girl who's best friend tragically died last year is hard enough without a ghost following her around, talking to her and making her look insane whenever she tries to respond.

Just keep your eyes down and do your very very best to ignore everyone's looks of sympathy and sadness pointed your way. Just walk into first period, find a seat in the very back of the room. Be invisible she tells herself, so that is precisely what she does.

Class starts and the teacher jabs on about something having to do with excitement and quantum physics, two words that should not be put in the same sentence. No one is really listening and all Chantelle can do is have a staring contest with the clock and pray for the day to be over. Exactly four minutes before the bell rings, Chantelle notices something is launched into the air,, seconds before that same something lands right in front of her. Chantelle breaks her focus on the clock and is now fully aware of what now lies on her desk. A note.

Chapter 2 by Fundinn



She looked around to see if anyone else noticed the note fly across the room, but everyone seemed to be paying attention to the teacher, or to each other. She glared at the note on her desk. Something about it seemed wrong. With great trepidation she touched it.

It was cold.

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Chapter 3 by °Sehnsucht°



Panik began to set in. The only person who ever passed her notes was Anne. Chantell's late best friend. Immediately her eyes started to swell. Chantell pulls her hood tightly around her face, breaking the looks anyone could give her.

Her body goes numb with fear for a second. Strange things had been happening since Anne's death. Whether it be in the form of cold spots, moving chairs, or just general creepiness.

Chantell had always imagined Anne to be someone who would land in heaven. But what if she was wrong? What if Anne's soul was trapped in our world? What if she needed help?

Chantell drops the note, partially accidentally, partially it was slipping through her shocked finger.

The last thing she needed was another thing to make her different. And going after Anne's ghost would make her everything but normal.

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